

The McGill Daily

Canada's Only Students' Daily

Second class mail registration pending

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Thursday, October 29, 1981

Montreal

Society made moot in debate

by Sharon Preston

In a rousing debate yesterday, McGill students overwhelmingly supported Richard Flint's position that the Students' Society be dissolved. Flint, ex-VP University Affairs, and his partner, Student Councillor Ann Taylor, successfully spoke to the resolution "The Students' Society should be dissolved" against Society VP Finance Brian Fish and Marcel Mongeon, former Debating Union President. The debate, attended by a crowd of 100, was sponsored by the CUU.

In his opening remarks, Flint blasted the Society for being "undemocratic and unaccountable" and for its "corporate structure that is not at all based on political representation."

"We require that the Students' Society be replaced by a Students' Union" he noted.

Brian Fish, however, disagreed, saying that "simply calling this organization a union will not make it left wing."

The majority of students on campus are not screaming left wing radicals like the Prime Minister (Flint)," he added.

Flint also recommended the setting up of a workers' co-op. Mongeon criticized the feasibility of such a plan: "Obviously if you are going to run a business you can't run it as a worker co-operative," said Mongeon.

Flint explained that the Society exists only to make profits. "The profits from Gertrude's help to pay



Marcel Mongeon attempted to refute the resolution "The Students' Society should be dissolved" in a debate yesterday. He asked one hundred spectators, "Is the fact that 20,000 students are apathetic an indictment of the system?" You decide. If you care to.

the salaries of the managerial staff which in no way benefits the students," he said.

As for the Society's constitution, Flint suggested that its place is inside a "waste paper bin."

"It is imposed on us and the University must ratify it," he said.

Mongeon retorted that students drafted the constitution and passed it through a campus-wide referendum.

Taylor, the Social Work representative on Council, demanded "drastic change that would take the form of grass roots motivation."

"What we want is a complete overhaul of the society as it stands today," she said.

"Let's cut the crap and take out

the bureaucracy and the managerial," Taylor added. "It's Society is so full of bureaucracy and red tap that if you took it away it would fall apart."

"We're not averse to change" said Fish. "The Students' Society we have now is working."

Rebutting questions of Society inefficiency, Mongeon was shouted down by some in the audience when he asked if apathy was a fault of the system.

The closing remarks were made by Flint who called for co-operative action. "What we need is a democratic and just society controlled by the people."

Absent from the audience were Fish's fellow executives and the Society's managerial staff.

Students and CLC unite against cuts

OTTAWA (CUP)—In a drive to build alliances with organized labour, the Canadian Federation of Students plans to join in the Canadian Labour Congress protest against high interest rates.

The CFS founding conference, held October 14-19 at Carleton University, decided to approach the labour movement as part of its campaign against reduced government funding to social services and post-secondary education.

"This is the biggest gain the Canadian student movement has ever made," said Lorraine Mitchell, president of the Federation of Alberta Students. "We need the trade union movement, because we can't stop what's happening alone." Mitchell said that although labour has always supported the student movement, students haven't always returned the favour.

"Administrators and faculties have sometimes supported us, the labour movement has always been there."

Charles Bauer of the CLC said he hadn't heard of the CFS move, but said, "We always welcome any support from the students."

"The more people putting pressure on the government, the better our chances of succeeding."

Bauer said the CLC has made its own approaches to the Federal government with its concerns that cutbacks in funding to the provinces from the Federal government would damage social services. The transfer payments agreement that currently provides the funding will be renegotiated next March, and Finance Minister Allan MacEachern has said there will be major reductions in funding as part of a Federal push to balance the budget.

Bike Bob out of pokey

by Brahm Pascal

Even Bordeaux jail couldn't rehabilitate bicycle activists Bob Silverman and Scott Weinstein. Both are free today after their release Tuesday evening from the minimum security prison where they served only two days of their eight day sentences for "public mischief."

Both have chosen to talk about their two-day stay even though a precondition for their release was a ban on public declarations until this Saturday, when their sentence would have ended.

"We bicyclists are political prisoners in the city," said Silverman, as committed as ever. "My life is a struggle to change that."

One of the more significant efforts in that struggle has been Silverman's and Le Monde à Bicyclette's lobbying of City Hall and the provincial government for the creation of a bicycle route along the north/south axis of the city. Mayor Jean Drapeau has blocked creation of the path despite an offer from the province of \$300,000 toward the project.

Silverman, Weinstein and two other members of Le Monde à Bicyclette decided to be arrested in June of 1980 upon taking the matter into their own hands and painting a portion of the path on Drolet Street.

Both Weinstein and Silverman chose prison rather than pay a \$35 fine, although the decision to go to jail was made by Le Monde's coordinating committee, with help from a judge.

"I thought I could help bankrupt the prison system," said Weinstein, who is more involved in prison work than bicycles. "If I stayed in prison eight days it would cost the state \$300, which is fine with me."

"It certainly was learning experience," said Silverman. "It's

regrettable that there are people so poor they prefer jail to freedom."

Weinstein and Silverman were separated during their incarceration which began with their ballyhooed send-off Sunday afternoon. Both were placed in single cells, Weinstein with lesser offenders and Silverman with the more hardened inmates.

"The worse thing is boredom," Weinstein said. "There really is zero to do. You go in and waste away."

Silverman was fortunate enough to have a weight volume ping-pong table, and 30,000 volume library at his disposal. While in his cell overlooking a bicycle path, the modern day Thoreau worked on his next feature, "Bicyclists in Prison."

Two of the four perpetrators of the "Drolet Paint Job" were walking the streets while Silverman and Weinstein were doing time. The two convicts had the misfortune of drawing Judge Jules Leger, a former city councillor whom Silverman described as "young and super-ambitious." Leger didn't look too favorably on the "guilty with justification" pleas entered by Silverman and Weinstein at their trial in September of 1980.

Weinstein nearly missed his date in the pokey after his file disappeared.

"They couldn't find an arrest warrant for me," he said. "I went twice to the warrant section and they couldn't find it."

Staff Meeting

Tricks and treats for all little girls and boys at another ghoulish staff meeting today at 4:30 p.m. in the Daily dungeon. Wear your ebber face. We'll be playing variations on many different positions.

Journalist: U.S. aid bolsters junta

by Suzy Goldenberg

A Salvadorean journalist in Montreal claims the junta ruling his country would fall if not for Ameriican military aid.

"Without the support of the United States government, the junta wouldn't even last another week," said Carlos Valles at a McGill Disarmament Week lecture and film presentation Monday night.

According to Valles, the U.S. government has sent \$32.5 million in direct military aid and \$130 million in economic aid to the Christian Democrat military junta. Technological aid such as computers are used for bugging telephones of the opposition forces.

Valles' speech was translated by journalist Scott Evanson, who noted that Canada was also guilty of intervening in El Salvador.

Evanson chastized External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan, saying, "It was evident his arm was very well twisted by (U.S. Secretary of State Alexander) Haig."

Evanson condemned Canadian commercial links with El Salvador.

He noted that Pratt and Whitney, a Montreal-based firm, sells aircraft motors to the junta. Canada continues to import Salvadorean goods as well.

Valles suspects that the Americans have given the Salvadorean army the technology to use germ warfare. He believes the junta has used bacteriological bombs in a strategy similar to the scorched-earth policy the Americans pursued in Vietnam.

"They burn the crops and kill the peasants," he said.

The previous U.S. administration, notes Evanson, was no better. "Carter was not as much of a human-rights man as he pretended to be," he said. (The U.S. renewed military aid to Salvador's junta nine days before Reagan entered the White House.)

He noted that the only Cubans fighting in El Salvador were mercenaries on the side of the National Guard. The junta has also received financial support from the Guatemalan oligarchy.

Valles adamantly denied American administration

allegations that the revolutionary forces received arms from Cuba and Nicaragua. "El Salvador has the right to get arms anywhere it can — but in spite of this it's (the allegations) not true," he insisted. "This campaign is based on lies. Much of the arms that are sent to the junta eventually end up in the hands of the FDR (Revolutionary Democratic Front)."

He added that other weapons were obtained through the black market or were homemade.

The film, "El Salvador: Another Vietnam?" dealt with several aspects of the El Salvadorean political scene, including interviews with the head of the junta, José Napoleon Duarte; commander of the security forces, Jose Guillermo Garcia; and head of the FDR, Guillermo Ungo. Refugees in make-shift camps and urban victims of the National Guard described the daily violence that is destroying El Salvador. To date, there are 30,000 dead in El Salvador, according to the Human Rights Commissions of El Salvador.

Classified

Ads may be placed through the Daily Ad office, Room B17, Student Union Building, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.
McGill students: \$2.00 per day. For 3 days, \$1.75 per day; more than 3 days, \$1.50 per day.
McGill Faculty and staff: \$3.00 per day.
All others: \$3.50 per day.
The Daily reserves the right not to print a classified ad.

341 - APT., ROOMS, HOUSING

Looking for female roommate to share a spacious, sunny 4 1/2 on Durocher. \$200.00 monthly. Hydro and gas extra. Call Rochelle 392-8348 (days) 288-0371 after 6 p.m.

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Mature female roommate wanted to share 3 1/2 penthouse apt. on Hutchison. pool, balcony, 2 large picture windows. \$165 everything included. Call 844-0081 evenings.

354 - TYPING SERVICES

Typing done at home. Call Diane at 631-1262.

Term papers, assignments, notes, factums, theses. Reasonable rates. 481-8995 or 481-1593.

356 - SERVICES OFFERED

Downtown YMCA offers qualified baby sitting service. Open Monday - Friday, 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. \$1.25, minimum age, 18 months and over. 1441 Drummond; 1450 Stanley. 849-8393, ext. 771.

381 - ARTICLES FOR SALE

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367 - CARS FOR SALE OR RENT

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370 - RIDES

Looking for person to share gas expense to Toronto on Friday evening. Returning late Sunday afternoon. Call 747-6095 after 6:00 p.m.

372 - LOST AND FOUND

Lost: One gold link bracelet, somewhere on campus. Great sentimental value. If found please call Wendy 486-4641. Reward \$.

Lost money! But I don't care. Keep it. Just return wallet and cards. Please. Return anywhere convenient or call Derek. 688-2724. Black, gold edges.

Lost: Woman's brown leather wallet on Wed. Oct 21st. In Gym or biology building. Reward offered, please call 286-1388.

374 - PERSONAL

Wendy: We met last Friday in Gertrude's. I was the American with the crazy English buddy. Want to talk with you. Dan 933-0350.

For our Sharon, just so you know that we haven't forgotten what happens on Sunday. HHBD XOXOX Janis, Nancy, Giulia, Sandy, Anne, and Fanny.

Desperately needed: Quiet girl with offbeat sense of humour to befriend caring yet lonesome male. Leave

message anytime at room 730, Molson Hall, 285-0225.

To the girl in room 720 Molson Hall, our sincere apologies for the inconvenience we caused you through our error. McGill Daily Advertising Office.

Claire, Sue, Marie, Trish, Sandy, Alayne. If you were at last year's Kenkese Party you won't wanna miss it. If you weren't, go this year. See you at the AD's 9:00 p.m. Friday.

Michael: Let's not destroy what we have together over Freudian "over complicating." "Si j'étais un homme, je t'amènerais en voyage," mais pas Edmonton, J.

To the soft gummed ladies of Aylmer St. "The Case of the Smiling Stiffs" Sounds familiar. Hope you weren't filming. We'll see Thurs. Nov. 12th at 8:00 p.m. in FDA.

Oh Janet I'm mad about you. Show me you love me this Saturday night at the Hallowe'en Bash in the Union Ballroom. Love Brad.

383 - LESSONS

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385 - NOTICES

Eastern Townships Alpine, cross-country ski house group requires for members. \$200 per person. 937-0267 evenings.

McGill Teaching Assistants - should appoint a departmental representative to the MTAA council by October 29. Please forward the representative's name to the MTAA c/o Thomson House.

Ski Trip: Waterville Valley N.H. Jan. 3rd-8th. Limited, 60 people at only \$180 Canadian. Including: condo, lifts, transport. Info: call John 321-1347, Peter 626-0143 before Oct. 30th.

All Students' Society clubs are encouraged to register their delegates for the club elections on Nov. 2. Forms available at the general office, Union 105.

Assunta Di Lorenzo: political science student (ex law student). Please call Dominic at 326-4483 after 10 p.m.

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New York City for 69 dollars U.S. on the weekend of November 27, 28, 29th. For more information call Clea at 744-6005. Limited space available.

Crash the RVC Monster Bash!! Saturday October 31 9:00 p.m. Free admission and prize for costumes. Cheap booze and good music. Please use Sherbrooke Street Entrance.

Friends of Eric Goldberg Inc. An informative meeting to be held in the near future. For further details contact 286-1630 or 286-9849.

Four kittens seeking good home, in groups or individually. They will be seven weeks old this Saturday. Call 286-0205 or

drop by 3651 Durocher apt. 5.

Students, staff, faculty: Presbyterian United Church Campus Ministry invites you to our Monday evening worshipping community, Mondays at 7:30 p.m. at 3521 University Street (The United Theological College). For further information call Rev. Chris Ferguson 392-5890.

Don't be shy, don't be ashamed, just wear dark glasses and a trenchcoat to see "The Case of the Smiling Stiffs" Nov. 12 at 8:00 p.m. in FDA Auditorium.

The Hallowe'en Bash Saturday October 31st. 9 p.m. Union Ballroom. Guest starring The Villains & The Equators. Dress up and win a trip!



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THE WEEKLY

Daniel M. Weinstein

Any real, incurable Dylanophile will tell you that the few days preceding a Bob Dylan concert are a time of intense soul-searching and acute moral dilemma. To go or not to go? That, my friends, is the question. Those of us who genuflect in front of albums such as *Highway 61 Revisited*, *Blonde on Blonde* and *The Basement Tapes* know very well that Dylan is by now merely a shadow of his former self; we know that to attend one of his concerts will inevitably be an exercise in futility and frustration, as Dylan fruitlessly attempts to conjure up images of past glory. And yet we attend his concerts in droves, year in and year out, in what can best be described as an act of senseless masochism. What is it about Dylan that makes seemingly rational people inflict such excruciating torture and anguish upon themselves? Why do they keep supporting this worthless has-been? The answer, my friends, is blowing in the wind...

For the most part, it would seem, we are aware of the enormous debt we owe to Bob Dylan. He is arguably the only true artistic genius which contemporary pop music has ever produced. At a time when rock & roll was about to become the empty, senseless fad which many had predicted it would become, Dylan arrived and infused the music with the esthetic and social relevance and importance which it needed in order to be taken seriously. And that is only the tip of the iceberg.

More important than what he did for rock & roll as a social force is the way that Dylan's music influenced people individually. The phrase "Dylan changed my life" is almost a cliché by now, and yet it retains as much pertinence today as it did fifteen years ago. Dylan's greatest songs are timeless (the mark of a true work of art), to the extent that a person hearing *Blonde on Blonde* for the first time in 1981 can experience the same sense of emotional upheaval and exhilaration as someone who heard it upon its release in 1966.

Bob Dylan was one of the prime instigators of what has now come to be known as the hippie counter-culture, yet his music transcends this context, and while the works of artists of that period might seem dated and out of touch to jaded 1981 ears, his has remained indelibly imprinted in our hearts and in our minds.

Like all true geniuses, Dylan has always been somewhat removed from the mainstream of popular culture; rather than pander to the public's demands, he imposed his vision by the sheer power and brilliance of his art. This fact became apparent right at the outset of his musical career, when drifting into New York City's Greenwich Village, Dylan became caught up in the folkie protest-song craze of the time. Imitating people such as Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie, he wrote and performed songs condemning war and fore-shadowing the horrors of nuclearholocaust. Pretty conventional stuff.

At the time, around 1961, it appeared that every kid who owned an acoustic guitar was singing the same song, and while singing about social injustices and the absurdity of war was quite clearly a politically valuable act, it did not make for great art. Except when it was informed by an original and highly poetic mind such as Dylan's Songs such as "Masters of War" and "A Hard Rain's a Gonna Fall" are thematically and superficially similar to hundreds of protest songs being sung at the time.

They were not melodically different to the

mainstream of folk music: Dylan in strict accordance to folkie orthodoxy prevailing at the time accompanied himself exclusively with an acoustic guitar and a harmonica. He was different solely because of the power of his poetry, which went leagues beyond the proselytizing propaganda which was the common currency of the period. A verse from what is probably the most famous protest song ever written, "Blowin' in the Wind", bears witness to this:

Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly

Before they are forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Therein lies the first clue as to why we Dylan fanatics persistently attend his concerts: no matter how uninspired he is when he sings the songs, no matter how far his current back-up vocal-and-horn section laden arrangements have strayed from their

original simplicity, words such as those, to borrow one of Dylan's own phrases, still ring true and glow like burning coals. The genius which created these songs may no longer be present in Dylan, but it lives on within his very material. You can take the songs out of Dylan, but you can't take Dylan out of the songs. Or something like that.

Dylan's artistic career might have ended at the very point at which it began, back in the early sixties. Although his music and poetry were universal, Dylan was quickly becoming pigeon-holed as a folkie. He had arrived at what could potentially have been an artistic cul-de-sac. He could have stagnated and let himself be shackled by the unrelenting chains of his fans' expectations. Yet he chose to forsake the relative security of the enviable niche which he had carved for himself in the folkie milieu by breaking free of the restrictions imposed by that particular realm.

Bob Dylan, the artist, knew that true art

must exist beyond the boundaries set up by any given human construct; it must dare to break new ground and forever struggle against its one great enemy, complacency. And so he ventured out into new, unexplored artistic territory. He lost a lot of friends and a lot of fans in the process, but in retrospect, it is doubtful that anyone would be tempted to say that the risk had not been worth taking. Dylan equipped himself with a standard electric rock & roll band (an act which in itself made him a *persona non grata* in folkie territory) and undertook to turn the popular music into an art form. He succeeded, to say the least.

As has already been mentioned, it is impossible to over-estimate the importance which the Dylan of the 1964-66 period exercised on music and on society. Musically, an album such as *Highway 61 Revisited* arrived as nothing short of a

Continued on page 5



Weeklyphoto / Daniel M. Weinstein

Dylan: anatomy of a legend

MARDI 3 NOVEMBRE

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- POSSIBILITÉS DE CARRIÈRE EN GÉNIE NUCLÉAIRE AU QUÉBEC ET AU CANADA
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(Check today column for
translation from Middle English)



MINI SERIES



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Monday, November 2nd, 1981

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6:30 P.M. NIGHT & FOG
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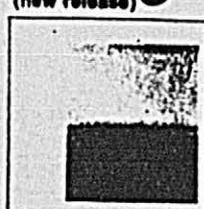
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March for freedom!

see page 9



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...on the eve of Dylan

Continued from page 3

complete revolution when it was first released in 1964. Never had anybody done as much with the seemingly restricted rock & roll idiom: the album's beautifully intricate and complex melodies were certainly far removed from the simplistic minimalism of rock's pioneers. Lyrically, Dylan, at last freed from the restraining thematic possibilities of the protest-song idiom, took flight. On *Blonde on Blonde*, a double album which arguably constitutes the greatest rock & roll release of all time, the English language becomes putty in Dylan's hands. He creates abstract mental landscapes which rival those of "respectable" poets such as Baudelaire and Shelley: indeed, songs such as "Desolation Row" and "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" have already made their way into anthologies of modern verse.

Socially, Dylan's music foreshadowed the advent of the psychedelic late sixties, inspired as it was by reportedly very large amounts of hallucinogenic drugs. "Mr. Tambourine Man"; written in 1964 about the LSD experience, can in retrospect be seen as the first anthem of hippie counter-culture, as it almost single-handedly made drugs into a valid social force, symbolizing the complete withdrawal of the youth movement from the social structures which their elders had implemented. When considering Dylan, one must always bear in mind this three year

period of intense creativity and almost self-destructive power.

We must place ourselves in the context of the time, and realize the impact which Dylan had on his followers; he singlehandedly validated rock & roll as art form, and produced a body of work which still stands as one of the greatest popular expressions of the human intellect of the twentieth century, and perhaps, although it is still too early to tell, of all time.

Unfortunately, it's been downhill all the way for Bob Dylan since then. After his near-fatal motorcycle accident of 1967 and his subsequent protracted seclusion, Dylan re-entered the public eye and the musical limelight, but he was never able to rekindle the spark of genius which had informed his greatest works. He remained a quirky, eccentric and enigmatic talent during the late sixties and early seventies, producing music in which near-brilliance and mediocrity sometimes went hand in hand. He suffered greatly from having to live up to the impossible standards which he set in the mid-sixties; had he never come up with the albums which we have mentioned previously, his subsequent releases would probably have been seen more favorably. But as things stand, Dylan is now forced into the unenviable and troubling position of having to live in his own shadow.

But until about 1977, Dylan's many

failures always somehow managed to remain interesting. Although he had lost the ability to break new artistic ground, he kept on trying, and in so doing, he managed to hang on to his respectability. *Self-portrait*, generally regarded to be Dylan's worst record, was an attempt at interpreting the material which Dylan enjoyed listening to. Although it is a truly wretched effort, the artist emerges from the wreckage as a highly sympathetic figure for having at least tried.

Today, however, Dylan is no longer even trying. He seems to have lost faith in rock & roll as a means of achieving spiritual satisfaction, and has invested his faith in Christianity. Indeed, one need not be reminded of Dylan's much publicized conversion to Catholicism, an event which has caused many a Dylanophile to despair. But one wonders why the religious and spiritual revelations which have besieged Dylan of late have not inspired his music in any significant way. Many great works of art have been the fruit of man's discovery of faith. Moreover, one gets the impression from Dylan's early seventies work that all that he really needed in order to get back on the right track was some kind of mystical force which could rekindle his inspiration and set his creative juices flowing again. But instead of leading him on to new heights, religion has carried Bob Dylan to his nadir.

The path which we have charted in the last

few paragraphs is one of a man who once possessed awesome creative powers, but who has now dug himself into an artistic hole from which he is probably no longer capable of extricating himself. Bob Dylan, the artist, is dead. All that remains is the body which was once inhabited by an intangible creative force of unmeasurable magnitude. Which leads us to the final, unabordable, inescapable question: why will some 15,000 people crowd into the Montreal Forum tomorrow night to watch Bob Dylan perform? There are many possible answers, all justifiable, yet all highly unsatisfactory: people just want to hear the old songs, regardless of the fact that the Bob Dylan who is singing them is doing so almost mechanically and reflexively; others, oblivious to the Dylan of yore, are more than satisfied with the innocuous and inane ear candy which Dylan has been producing of

But I am willing to wager that the real Dylanophiles at the concert will be there because, somewhere deep in their hearts, they are hoping desperately and against all odds that Bob Dylan will suddenly snap out of the state of artistic hibernation that he has been in for the past decade and a half, and that he will mercifully make me eat my words. If this were to happen tomorrow night, or at any point in the future, I will be more than happy to recant. But I am not holding my breath.

Bouquets for 'Streamers'

José Arroyo

The McGill Player's Theatre, which in the past has put on such productions as *How The Other Half Loves*, *Getting Out*, and *Dracula*, has opened its new season October 20th with David Rabe's *Streamers*.

Streamers is the third in a trilogy which includes *Pavlo Hummel* and *Sticks and Bones*. The plays is a wicked brew of diverse, well-defined characters laced with all the foreboding attached to the expectation of going to fight in Vietnam. Mind you, the play is not about Vietnam — it's about violence and helplessness and many other things which are bound to seem boring if I continue in this vein. And it's important that I not convey boredom because the play certainly isn't boring. It's a well written, well staged and well acted production — not the usual critic's delight, you might say.

Streamers does, however, have some minor faults, and I might as well get my kicks in before I start handing out bouquets. First of all Players' Theatre in the Union is a very difficult place in which to stage a play. It doesn't have an elevated stage and because of its design, it's sometimes hard to see everything that is going on, especially when the actors are on the floor. But on to the play... one complaint is that some of the actors are

miscast. Robert Pennant playing Roger is a case in point. Pennant has a marvelous way with a funny line, and he manages to draw humour from dialogue which I didn't see as particularly funny when I read the play. However, Pennant is supposed to play someone fresh off the streets, and he lacks the earthiness and raw edges, that underlying toughness, which would make us believe that. The only streets that Pennant gives the impression of coming from are those of Westmount. Another peeve is that Marc Haas, in the role of Ritchie, overdoes the cutesiness.

Nevertheless, I'm sure that the lady who sat beside me at the play and anxiously held her breath during most of it (a considerable feat, you must admit) would consider this nit-picking, and rightly so. So here's the bouquets: The cast is excellent overall. Paul Bogaards in the role of Billy looks like a cross between the young Henry Fonda and the young Mickey Rooney. This is meant as a compliment. He's got the same aura of honesty which Fonda has worn as a badge since his role as Lincoln to his role as Jane's father. Bogaards also has that touching naiveté which almost strangled Rooney. It's not a particularly original combination but it's one which is very effective. Bogaards is extremely good.

Another excellent actor in this production is Tyrone Benskin. His Carlyle is a hungry, confused and volatile man. Benskin has a great role and he makes the most of it. The sight of him slouching, sneering, teasing, screaming, is one the audience feels privileged to behold. In smaller roles, Michael Hummel as Martin and Steve Bann as Rooney are also very good.

All this is not to say that *Streamers* is the theatrical event of the season (What anglophone productions playing in Montreal are?). However, the play is surprisingly good. The costumes, the music, and the lights were all used efficiently and to maximum effect. And best of all, there were no actors just hanging around waiting to say their lines.

At the end of the play the audience just stood there clapping moronically, waiting for the actors to come out and take their bows. They didn't (I suspect this has something to do with the lack of curtain) but they should have. They deserved them. All those involved did.

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Margaret Atwood discusses me

Andy Barham

'The sunlight is coming in through the little window. It falls on the floor in squares. In one of the squares, is Lora's left hand, the dirty blunt fingers with their bitten cuticles curled loosely, untouched. They did nothing to her hands, shining and almost translucent in the heavy light. The rest of the body is in darkness, in water. The hand is in the air. Rennie kneels on the wet floor and touches the hand, which feels cold. After a moment, she takes hold of it with both of her hands. She can't tell from holding this hand, whether or not Lora is breathing, whether or not her heart is still moving. How can she bring her back to life?' from 'Bodily Harm' M. Atwood

In a recent interview with the *Gazette* an interviewer implied that Margaret Atwood's eyes are emotionless, cool, unresponsive. About all I can say to that is: Bollocks! Margaret Atwood is a witty, charming person who's eyes sparkle with intelligence, warmth, and humour. For a superstar, (and let's face it, here in Canada she is accorded the same enthusiastic fandom normally associated with successful rockers!) she is very approachable. Indeed, she made time in the midst of a schedule so hectic that one shudders to contemplate it, for me, a mere student journalist, to interview her.

Atwood was in Montreal, supposedly to promote her most recent novel, 'Bodily Harm', concerning a chic Toronto 'Lifestyles Journalist' who winds up in the Caribbean on an assignment to do a travel piece after having just had breast surgery to remove a small tumour. Rennie the heroine manages unwittingly, and against her will, to get involved with a

gun running dope smuggler named Paul, who thrives on danger and excitement, the local political scene, and an attempted revolution, which lands her in a Caribbean prison.

To say that Atwood was here in Montreal primarily to do publicity work for 'Bodily Harm' would do her a gross disservice. After having been interviewed on CBC's 'Sunday Morning' to discuss a writer's conference sponsored by Amnesty International, then on CBC's 'Morningside' with Don Harron two days later to discuss the results of that conference and to play back some tapes of readings by various controversial writers from repressive regimes who had managed to attend, it hardly seems fair to dismiss her visit to our city merely as a publicity gimmick.

Of course, Margaret Atwood doesn't see herself as a crusader, either for human rights, or anything else. She's a writer first — having authored 5 novels, a collection of short stories, eight volumes of poetry and a volume of literary criticism — who just happens to be very concerned about such issues.

Unfortunately, space does not permit a discussion of all of her novels, stories, and poems. Besides, it is time to let Margaret Atwood herself do the talking!

There seems to be a marked similarity between an early short story and Atwood's latest novel. The story, 'A Travel Piece' also concerned a woman who's chief occupation was that of a journalist who wrote travel pieces. She too, ends up in the Caribbean and is confronted with a grim, though unlikely event.

"I often write short stories which later get picked up and expanded into novels. I think the same thing hap-

pened with a character that I wrote fairly early that turned in Joan of *Lady Oracle*. I'll let you spot the story, but it's there.

Speaking of connections, a tendency in the modern novel is to employ almost classical techniques. For example, in 'Bodily Harm', the function of both Lora and Jocasta seems to parallel that of the chorus in a Greek tragedy.

It's an interesting thing to bring up, except that the chorus in a Greek tragedy does not usually get involved in the action. They merely comment on the action. But let's use a musical metaphor instead, and say that they are counterpoints to the central character. Yes, they have vaguely similar functions, but the Greek chorus stays in the background.

Thematically, 'Bodily Harm' seems to deal more directly with personal/political issues, such as violence and repression, than your earlier efforts. This would seem to coincide with a dramatic increase over the past few years in political violence. Is it because of this increasing tendency to violent repression that you've taken a more activist stance in your novel?

I've always taken an active stand on these issues... *Life Before Man* is a very political novel. Not many people pick that up. It's about people who avoid getting involved, and at the end, in fact, one of them does get involved. Nate does end up in that chair outside the Eaton Centre, I mean, picking up signatures on a petition. He makes one baby step... but one giant step for mankind. And what that novel is about is how people insulate themselves from things like that. Nate thinks his mother is a fool because she is involved in issues like that. He thinks that that

can't possibly do go one with the map the stars on it froz atrocities are being throughout the wo finds that a drag, w the literature on it him too much. I t most people are, v political to define

We talked further *Man*, which incident be Atwood's most up date. She tends to n broadly as any kin relationships in with structure. Sitting in the interview, she ti one cared to obser one could see polit the restaurant itself Power, and you ca relationship in this know, if you want who's boss, who's h jockeying for posi doesn't care, how w runs, who makes m doesn't make the re politics."

At a reading shre Concordia, MargaA tioned being inter aggression. Intriqb often wondered w might be related ta Atwood herself bee biologically progric real threat, becau's However, she felt t room for hope, bes probably be chand

Michel Tremblay: Wrt

Gary Barwin

"Ninety percent of the people who come into me say 'I wish I could talk to you in French,' but they don't. It's okay, I am against bilingualism except when it's by personal choice. If everybody in Canada chose to be bilingual it would be great, but the English obviously don't want to learn French, and I don't want to push them. Except in Montreal, because they need it here. Montreal is so much nicer, being a French city. This way it isn't just another Toronto or N.Y.C. But I would push English to all the French Canadians because we live in North America surrounded by 300 million English speakers. I want to know what they have to say, I need that... But some people are lazy... on both sides. Let's not get depressed..."

The recently appointed writer-in-residence at Concordia University, French Canadian playwright Michel Tremblay speaks slowly and patiently, and often his very frank tone breaks into a chuckle. As illustrated by the fact that he'll "see anybody" when he is in his office, he is keenly interested in people. "We learn from anybody and anything that is not ourselves, so I learn about everybody in whatever way

I can. I don't learn how to write or how to live, but I love to learn about people, and the best way is through art. I love seeing a movie that will tell me who the other people are, or just the way someone else makes a movie or writes or sings."

Although his job entails teaching a group of senior playwrighting students for two hours a week, Tremblay doesn't consider himself a teacher, which is part of the reason he set up a workshop situation where the students can discuss each other's work. "I want to be a help if I can; a writer-in-residence is here to have people come and show him what they do and talk about it." But Tremblay stresses communication amongst the students. "Unusually students have only one teacher talking about their work. For me it was very important that they talk to each other, because they didn't know each other at all a month ago, and still wouldn't if I was the only teacher talking. But now they're not strangers." He adds with a smile, "It's nice if in their many hours of studying, there are two hours in which they can talk to each other."

Indeed, the need for communication is a theme that runs through much of Michel Tremblay's work. His play,

"Bonjour, Là, Bon produced in Japar lack of this. His en popularity is that about a family, yer new way. It it wasit North American p, very interesting bes new is said."

Tremblay's objen reach as many peo artform is elitist a as Tremblay believ only talks to a sm then he doesn't lik

"Once I read a li 'Forever Yours, Me did not understand funny, like mental laughed all the wa derstood what the meant, but to me plicated, why go a say at the end, 'Ha right in a much sir the girl needed her you write a thesis complicated, so its it's very funny bec school."

But that does no writes simplistic pl expect much from



men, power, 'Bodily Harm'

to good. She's the pier wall with all points where admitted And he merely won't even open cause it depresses that's where know. It's to see it. the *Life Before* may perhaps a complex novel to the politics rather than human inter- where is a power in; Annexe during he tioned that, if seriously enough, relationships in self Politics is about a power restaurant, you into. You could see's helper, who's asi, who cares, who w whole thing s money, who e key. All of that is

shiently gave at ga Atwood men- erd in the roots of ibly thin, I've wier or not it ale insecurity. bres that it's gnied, and thus a us's built in. elt there was some ese it could nd into more

positive directions. "I think it would be not only a mistake, but impossible to make people totally non-aggressive. I mean, all that would happen would be that a few who remained aggressive would end up controlling the world because nobody else would have anything left to resist them with. The Russians are apparently working on something called Ultra-sound which, if you send it over, turns everybody into screaming idiots and doesn't damage the genetic material. It just zonks out your brain, it's sort've like amplified disco. It burns out the area between your ears, and that would be a way of making a total population non aggressive. Now, the only problem with that is the Russians would apparently retain the use of their faculties and be able to run us all like ants running an aphid colony. So, I don't think it's enough to say, 'let's get rid of testosterone and turn men into sort of beautiful cherubs who never do anything but twiddle their thumbs!' I don't think that's the solution, and I think the solution ought to be to find a more socially positive way of expressing that drive. Seeing power as a responsibility, not just as power. And seeing power as something you achieve over yourself, not just as something that is defined by making other people powerless in relation to you. In other words, I think we have to define power more positively, and give it more positive outlets. If you try to get rid of the aggressive drive in man, and let's not fool ourselves, we're talking about men largely here, you're going to end up with a demoralized and inactive population.

You don't think then, that male aggressiveness might stem largely from male insecurities?

You mean that if men were more secure, they'd just sit around sucking their thumbs? I doubt it.

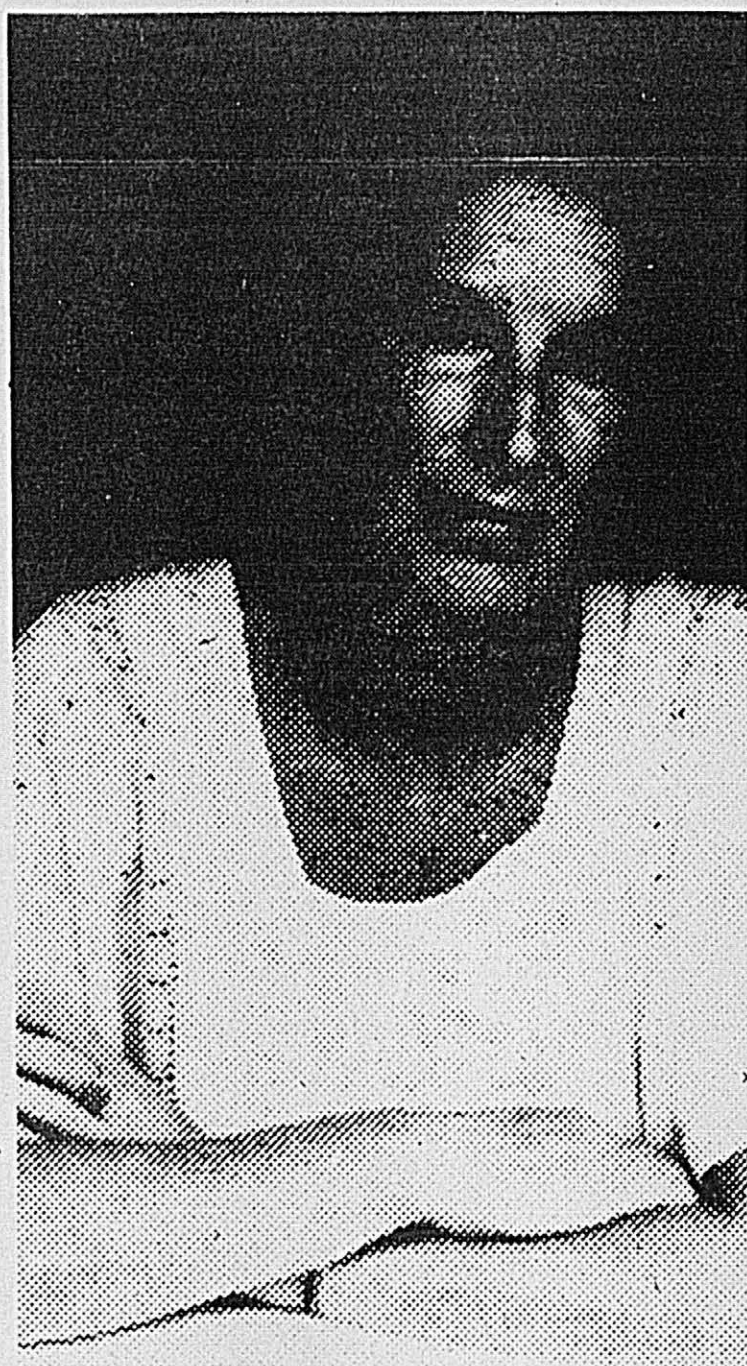
What I mean, is that it's pretty obvious that men are inherently weaker, and no doubt more insecure than women. Their egos are more fragile.

Well, I think that's a wild generalization; have you looked in the looney bin recently? Mostly they're full of women. The reason for that is that women are more likely to see illness as a way out, you know it's more socially acceptable for women to have what they used to call nervous breakdowns. When men go mad, become neurotic and unhappy, they're much less likely to go to a shrink. They're less likely to check themselves in. When they go really crazy, they're more likely to go psychotic rather than to become veggies in the corner. Women become mentally ill passively. Men tend to become mentally ill aggressively.

Atwood mentioned the differences in suicide patterns between men and women, citing some studies that were conducted a few years ago. These studies provided the basis for a hypothesis, which is now taken for granted. Basically, the difference is that women consciously fail in suicide attempts, while men would regard a failed attempt as something else to add to the list of failures, and thus would be more likely to do it again and get it right. Women use suicide as a means of asking for help.

To say that women are inherently more strong, blahbetteblablah... I think it's probably wrong. It's like looking at Australian women, the ones that get out, like Germaine Greer, and saying Australian women are inherently

Continued on page 8



riters have no answers

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ben writing is to eo as possible. If an too complicated, poetry is, if it part of society, lik. a is about my play Me-Lou, which I ndo me it was very alsturbation, and I valrough. I un- ne who wrote it e as so com- at route just to Has right? I was sir way. I know eris, and when s have to be itsay. But to me, ece I didn't go to nean that he pl that do not m audience. "I

hate lazy publics. The publics are quite lazy in North America, so my plays are never easy... you have to be intelligent for an hour and a half without intermission to understand what's going on. It's very rare that you ask a public to be this — usually you spoon-feed them. You tell them what is happening and how come it's happening; but in my plays, you have to dig to understand, or follow very closely."

He believes in an active theatre, one that will not only move people but threaten people. "The worst thing that could happen to me is that someone could tell me what a nice night they had at the theatre, and then forgot all about me the day after. I want to shock people so they will ask questions about their own life, seeing it through somebody else — the characters on stage."

Projecting visions of the world as it should be is not, in his opinion the writer's job.

"What makes a play a play is that something is wrong somewhere. You don't write anything about happy people. I think we're here to ask questions; I'm sure I'm here to ask questions. So I write plays that ask questions and I never give answers. Who am I to give answers? (Writers)

are not preachers, we're not here to tell the people what to do. I feel we're here to live parallel to society, watching and telling what's wrong. I wouldn't be a writer if I had answers, I would be a priest or I don't know what — a freak, or a doctor — but not a writer. A writer does not have answers."

Michel Tremblay speaks of two levels in his writing, that which you hear and that which you can see. In his work, the levels don't always align in the way you might expect, a character, such as from "Bonjour Là, Bonjour," may be visually in one spot and verbally in five different houses. Tremblay's approach in life is similar to this. The seemingly casual, low-key approach of his speech is at the same time very intense and directed, as well as when he walks, taking large, quick strides in boots and scarf. Tremblay is very polite and mild-mannered and yet sits back with one foot on his desk and occasionally guffaws. He is an amalgamation of manners and in earnest throughout.

His plays are reminiscent of this character, presenting something that doesn't seem to relate to the audience and then leading us down a carefully planned path, though we don't know

where we are going until we arrive, realizing the relevance of the play to us. He has written several plays about transvestites and uses one as an example to illustrate this fact, that of resonating applicability to an unwitting audience.

"Hosana" begins with a very powerful image: when you see somebody dressed as Elizabeth Taylor, coming onto the stage it is interesting. And then you hear it's a transvestite, and you say, Okay, it's going to be funny. And it gets less and less funny, and then in the second half you realize that it was not a play about the life of a transvestite, it was a play about someone who's having an identity problem and you're living in a country with identity problems. And then you say 'aha!' that's where he wants to lead me." Tremblay believes that when you write for the theatre you should always disguise what you have to say and then let the point get clearer and clearer. If it is too obvious at the beginning then the audience can be complacent.

Tremblay's plays show an influence of — or at least a personal appreciation for — the Absurdist of the '50s. This is shown, for example, in his

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Continued from page 7
 more strong. Well, that in fact is false. It's just that you have to be very tough to get out, so that the ones who get out are strong. But, think of the ones that don't. Now, it's true that they have more biological resilience than men. They're less likely to pop off with a heart attack at 45. But that's not to say that they're either more secure or stronger in necessarily any other way. Look at the ones that don't make it.

I guess you can't generalise about

either sex, I suppose...

It's difficult. You can do studies on them, but you have to be very careful about how you gather those statistics. Well, back to your point about men's aggressive drives stemming from insecurities... I think there are ways in which societies put pressure on men to prove that they really are a man. Whereas you don't have to prove that you really are a woman. It's built in. It's not something you have to prove... If anything, some women feel it in-

cumbent on them to prove they aren't really women, you know what I mean... or that they can think kind of like a man. But you don't have to prove yourself as a woman in the same way peer group pressure expects you to prove yourself a man. I think that's true of adolescents... I think it becomes territorial. I mean, Reagan wondering whether or not to drop the neutron bomb doesn't necessarily come from his insecurities as a man. It comes from his feelings about his

territory. He feels this territory is his. He's going to expand his territory, and drop bombs on anyone who threatens to impinge on his territory. And territoriality is a characteristic of just about everything more advanced than a snail.

Almost simultaneously we both said, "Perhaps snails are territorial too." And laughed. The interview with Margaret Atwood was over. I thanked her for her time, and she shook my hand, and said goodbye.

Tremblay's collective therapy ...

Continued from page 7

first play, "Les Belles Soeurs," in which a lady wins a million trading stamps. At the end of the play, to the sound of *O Canada*, trading stamps rain down over the stage. He comments on the use of the absurd:

"The best way to have someone act realistically on the stage is to have something perfectly absurd happen to him... When you fall flat on your face in the street, you will react very realistically, you're not playing a role like everybody else in the street. When you go out on the street you are well

dressed, and then there's a banana peel. When you fall, you will swear even if you don't want other people to know you're swearing. An absurd thing will have you come out with your real self. This is what theatre is..."

Reality is what he wants to deal with most, representations of people, taking "the inside of a human being and have it spoken on stage. If you don't do this, you will write plays about idealisms or big topics without character. It's inside because what is on the stage is human beings. If these

human beings are not well crafted nothing can come to the public."

When Tremblay was seventeen, he began *Stories for Late Night Drinkers*, a collection of short fantastical tales in a French that is nothing like the straight forward slang French his plays are written in. "I was raised being ashamed of being Quebecois, so when I began writing I wanted to avoid my non-interesting, everyday Quebecois Montreal problems. So, for me writing was a fantasy, avoiding reality. Until the day I realized that this wasn't

writing, it was just daydreaming. What I needed was to talk about real problems."

Tremblay wants to address the problems of a people, not just of one individual. "I prefer collective therapy. What I don't like is when writing is a personal therapy."

"If you look at the world as it is now, as a whole, it's true that there's nothing you can do, but that's no reason not to try."

Thanks to Nicole Miller for technical assistance.

Absurdity at TNC

The Tuesday Night Café Theatre is opening its 1981/82 season with *Jack, or the Submission* and its sequel *The Future is in Eggs (or it takes all sorts to make a world)* by Eugene Ionesco.

Both *Jack* and *The Future is in Eggs* were written in the early 1950s at the same time Ionesco was producing his better known plays *The Bald Soprano*, *The Lesson*, *The Chairs*, and his unequalled *Rhinoceros*. These plays helped form the foundation of the genre of theatre we have come to know as "the theatre of the absurd." Though *Jack* and *The Future is in Eggs* are not as well known as some of his other plays, they are both fine examples of the genius of Ionesco. This "naturalistic comedy" had to be played for Ionesco so that he

"could somehow break away from it." *Jack* is "primarily a family drama" and "like *The Bald Soprano*, it is a kind of caricature of boulevard theatre, boulevard theatre going bad, gone bad."

Jack, or the Submission and *The Future is in Eggs (or it takes all sorts to make a world)* will be playing for the general public November 3rd through the 7th at 8:00. Due to renovations in Morrice Hall TNC's production this season will be staged at Players' Theatre, on the third floor of the Student Union Building, 3480 McTavish. Admission is \$3.50 for the general public and \$2.50 for students and senior citizens. Following the run at McGill the show will go on a tour of Montreal area High School until late November.

Ska at Union

Jump up and dance!

It's the Equators — a six piece reggae machine from Birmingham, England, that lays down an infectious reggae / R&B rhythm on their debut Stiff LP, *Hot*, produced by Bob Andrews (who's worked with the Rumour).

The Equators are all under 21 and made up of three Bailey brother (Donald, Brian and Selwyn), two half-brothers, and an old school friend to round out the line-up. Their sole ambition: to work an audience up on its ass and dancing! An Equators gig is another world for party!

The group first came to the attention of Stiff Records when Stiff recruited them as back-up band to Desmond Dekker (they appear on the *Black and Dekker*

LP). Knocked out by the results, Stiff soon had the boys sign on the line with *Hot* as the result.

The Equators are: Donald "Rocky" Bailey (vocals, melodica), Brian Bailey (vocals, keyboard), Selwyn Bailey (drums), Dennis Fletcher (vocals, guitar), Alfonso Renford (vocals, guitar) and Cleveland Clarke (bass).

The Equators are no strangers to the Canadian scene having first come through on the 1980 "Son of Stiff Tour" and then on their own during the summer of '81.

The most recent and ambitious tour is a cross-Canada tour double-billed with Canadian ska group, The Villains. Both bands will be performing in the Union Ballroom on Hallowe'en, starting at 9 p.m.

McGill Press Club
Friday, 4:30 Gertrude's

REDMEN FOOTBALL COLLEGE BOWL EXPRESS

GUARANTEED



WIN

AFTERNOON

Sponsored by La Spaghetterie

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ONTARIO-QUEBEC INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIP

SEMI-FINAL
 PLAYOFF GAME

FEATURING
 THE MCGILL REDMEN

SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1981

1:00 p.m.

The Guaranteed Win Game entitles the bearer of the ticket stub dated November 7 from the McGill Redmen OQIFC semi-final football game to a free spaghetti dinner at La Spaghetterie 25 rue St. Paul. Should the McGill Redmen win the designated game the meal shall be any spaghetti dinner excluding spaghetti with meatballs, alcoholic beverages not included. This offer will be honored from Sunday to Sunday, November 8th through November 22nd.

Tickets available at Ticketron Outlets and the Department of Athletics starting November 2nd.



A punk history

Turning rebellion into money

Brendan Kelly

Everyone from John Lydon to Mick Jagger has claimed that rock'n'roll is dead so it's no surprise to discover that Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons come to the same conclusion in their pop-history, *The Boy Looked at Johnny*. In fact, to come to any other conclusion would leave Burchill and Parsons open to the criticism of being reactionary, and, for two journalists from the trendy British magazine *New Musical Express*, that would be intolerable. The reader often gets the impression that this 'radical chic' ethic is responsible for much of the deliberately eccentric music criticism in the book.

The natural first reaction to *The Boy Looked at Johnny* is one of anger (which is certainly the authors' intention) but once this instinctive response to the castigation of your personal favorites subsides, the book can be recognized as an intelligent demystification of the rock'n'roll ideology. It is primarily a history of the rise of punk rock in the late seventies but the authors also include a vitriolic analysis of the failure of the hippie revolution. Parsons and Burchill write that:

Any hint of a threat to the great American status quo was muzzled with a recording contract...energies ostensibly committed to the annihilation of the establishment were enlisted in the lucrative perpetuation of nothing more subversive than the generation gap.

It's a basic point but an unfamiliar one for most North American readers, who are more accustomed to *Rolling Stone's* repetition of the life of the Woodstock generation.

The authors' thesis is that this principle of "turning rebellion into money" came into vogue once again in 1977. Even they have to admit that "Anarchy in the U.K." "was the greatest youth anthem ever released" but most of what followed is seen as exploitive and deceitful. The major crime of most of these new groups, according to Burchill and Parsons, is not that they're interested in financial gain but that they affect revolutionary sentiments while collecting six-figure record contracts. As they succinctly sum it up: "...the new wave's only revolutionary reform was that now anyone could become a tax-exile."

The authors openly approve of perhaps half-a-dozen groups in the last fifteen years — the Tom Robinson Band, early Roxy Music, X-Ray Spex, the first Modern Lovers album, the Runaways, and Patti Smith's first record. Not only do these rigid standards insure that Burchill and Parsons' stereo doesn't get overplayed but they also account for several serious critical miscalculations. To take the most glaring example, they despise the Velvet Underground and the Stooges because they see both

groups as exploiting their usage of heroin to sell records, which is a cynical and, more importantly, unjustifiable viewpoint. Drugs were not even a main concern of most Stooges' songs and though the Velvet Underground were undeniably concerned with writing about dangerous narcotics, songs like "heroin" and "White Light/White Heat" were hardly attempts to win over the mass audience.

Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill are extremely obnoxious writers but they're unpleasant in a very witty manner. From the first line (*Bob Dylan broke his neck — close, but no cigar*) to the last (*Compared to the Tom Robinson Band, every other rock musician is wanking into the wind*), their caustic humour saves the book from degenerating into a dull political tract. The most important flaw in Parsons and Burchill's approach to rock criticism is that they take the music too seriously. They're entrenched so deeply in the political quagmire that they lose sight of the original pop priorities. They should reread fellow British journalist Nik Cohn's definition of pop:

....it's been simply always, silly and vulgar and fake, and it has been a noise, that's all. In the end, specific records and singers have hardly mattered. Instead, it's been pop itself, just the existence of it, the drone of it running through everything.

Then again, Parsons and Burchill would probably view this conclusion as yet another example of the reactionary nature of the rock business.

DEMONSTRATION

against U.S. intervention in Central America.

Saturday, October 31 1:00 Parc Jeanne Mance (Mont Royal and Parc)

organized by la comite Montreal-Salvador



MAKE IT A CARLSBERG.

The McGill Debating Union
The McGill Program Board
and The Caribbean Students' Society
present:

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MICHAEL MANLEY
Former Prime Minister of Jamaica

speaking on:

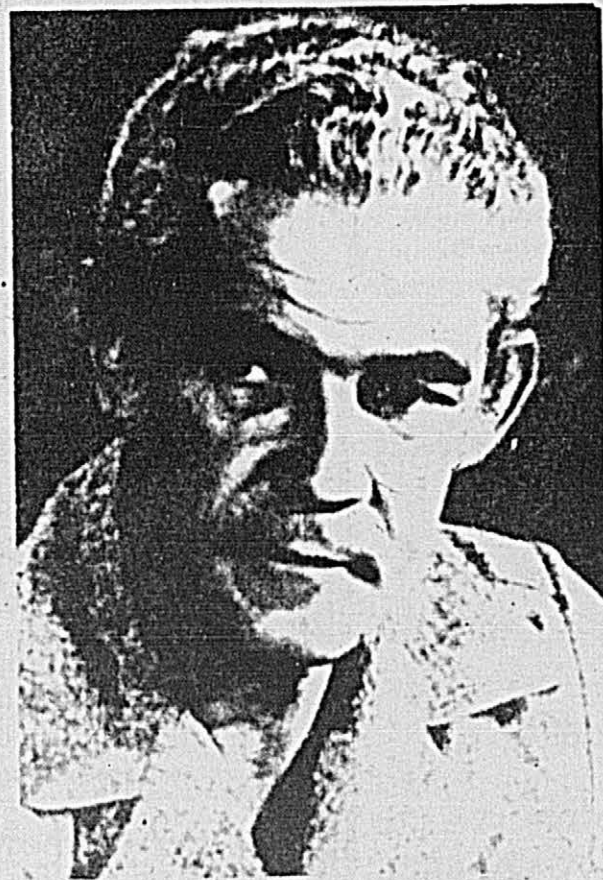
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OF THIRD WORLD NATIONS"**

Friday at 12:00 noon
University Centre Ballroom
Tickets available at Sadie's
\$1.50 students, \$3.00 non-students

McGILL



Program Board



Warsaw 'Images' in Montreal

Josh Waletzky's *Image Before My Eyes* (which opened at the Cineplex 9 Oct. 23) is the type of movie that while you're watching it, you say to yourself, "My how time flies. It feels like I've only been here five minutes." Then, you look at your watch and, of course, you have only been there five minutes. In other words, time goes by pretty fast — for a documentary.

Like many other people, I've always had an aversion to documentaries. Those that were supposed to be 'uplifting, 'honest', 'objective,' and 'full of integrity,' were especially dreadful. They always ended up being solemn, dreary drudges. (Being a student, I consider increased exposure to what those words stand for as being highly dangerous.) Only the great documentarians, like Frederick Wiseman in *High School*, for example, have managed to put humour and liveliness into their films. Josh Waletzky isn't a great documentarian. However, he is a good one, and he's hit upon a great subject.

Image Before My Eyes deals with the Jewish community in Poland before World War II.

That's a subject that hasn't been dealt with much before and it is a very interesting one, especially, I would assume, for those of Jewish descent.

Waletzky has taken a bunch of old photographs, some wrinkled footage and interviews with people who lived during that time and has concocted a many-layered portrait of a bustling, progressive community. It is a very informative picture. I'm sure it will add a new dimension to the general public's conception of the Jewish people in pre-war Poland.

Yet, though Waletzky has managed to breathe life into wrinkled footage, he hasn't made the process lively. Mind you, he has tried. The interviews that are shown in the film help considerably. Many of the stories these people have to tell are fascinating. Some are downright touching. They're all very personal ones. The director was wise in using the anecdotes to balance the facts. They take much of the distance out of history and they make the viewer feel that the loss of that remote foreign community was almost a personal one.

This rapport that the director establishes between the audience and the interviewees should have helped the movie more than it does. It didn't because, even before the movie starts, the audience knows that all that's about to be shown is irrevocably lost. And being reminded of this by the narrator in the first five minutes of the movie doesn't help. Through the movie your mind is playing a guessing game. Did that little girl survive? Did that feisty old woman mugging for the camera realize what was coming? That guy in his Sunday best, what happened to him? All these questions are impossible to shake off and they make the movie

difficult to sit through. Also, Waletzky shows a heavy hand with his subjects; he tends to equate hokeyness with humour.

Nevertheless, despite my reservations, I ended up liking the

movie. Yes, it does have a touch of solemn sanctity about it. It will be a long time before any project dealing with twentieth-century Jews before 1945 won't. However, technically, the movie is im-

peccable. It is also a well-rounded, informative profile of that particular community. That plus the interest value of its subject matter make it worth your while.

Today

The McGill Film Society

In cooperation with the McGill Women's Union present "Janis" directed by Howard Alk and starring Janis Joplin, tonight at 7 and 9:30 p.m. in Leacock 132. Admission is \$1.50 at the door.

Michael Manley

Tickets for a speech on "Corporate Control of Third World Nations" by Michael Manley, former Prime Minister of Jamaica, on Friday at noon in the Union Ballroom are now available at Sadies. Students \$1.50. For information phone 392-8909.

McGill Ski Team

Important meetings on tonight. Ski sale meeting at 4:30, general meeting at 5 p.m. in G20. All members are urged to attend. Next meeting will be held at the sale itself. Don't forget to pay for your membership fee by this weekend (deadline Nov. 1st). We also need your deposits for training camp. Sunday is the plaster campaign day. It will be worth your effort.

Attention Students

CUSO will be in McIntyre Medical Building, ground floor today from 11:00 to 2:00. Information concerning health and working opportunities for health professionals in the Third World will be available.

McGill Ukrainian Students' Association

There will be an urgent meeting of the McGill Ukrainian Students' Association today at 3:00 p.m. in Union room B-01 with regard to last split-second preparations for "The Only Bash That Matters" T minus 30 hours and counting. See you there kiddies.

Paper Drive

Anyone interested in having an ongoing collection center at McGill for the recycling and conservation of used paper meet at 7:00 p.m. in the ASUS office, Union B-22.

Lecture

McIntyre Medical Building, 8:15 p.m. Dr. E. James Anthony, Professor of Child Psychiatry, Washington University, will speak on "High Risk Children Growing Up Successfully."

Gay People of McGill

General meeting this evening at 7:30 in Union room 425/426. Tonight's discussion will deal with the structure of the organization and, now that we are financially solvent, plans for the coming year. All members of the Executive Committee are requested to meet in the office one half hour before the meeting — room 411 at 7:00.

Gay Women of McGill

Members are requested to attend the general meeting of Gay People of McGill (see above).

McGill Squash Club

First half of the club night on Thursday, October 29. Second half on Monday, November 2. Be there. New Democratic Party of McGill is presenting a series of films today in our ongoing effort to call attention to the increasing danger posed to our free, democratic society by the relentless advance of the godless, socialist hordes. The three

films, to be shown continuously from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. in Union room 107/108, include: *The Red Nightmare*, *Communism and America's Critics* *Abroad*. Admission is FREE!

Cricket Club

Will be holding its first general meeting today at 7:30 p.m. in Union room B01. It is planned to be an informative session and thus we urge all individuals interested in cricket as a sport at McGill to attend.

Anthropology Department

Professor Keith Hart (Anthropology, McGill) will speak on "Commodification" at 4 p.m. in Leacock 738. All welcome.

MCSS

Those who are interested (non-players are most welcome too) in playing bridge please contact Tang Kwok Ming (287-9672) or Raymond Li (845-7615). First meeting is on 31/10/81, Union Rm. 425/426 at 7:00 p.m. See posters for details.

McGill Camera Club

Registration continues today for basic photography courses presented by the McGill Camera Club. One night courses in camera and darkroom techniques are being offered (free for members, \$2.00 otherwise). Sign up in Union room B06.

Golem Coffee House presents:

"David Millett" again at 8:30 p.m., 3460 Stanley St. \$4.00

The McGill Environmental Society

Will be holding their weekly meeting today at 7:00 p.m. in Union room 404. All members please come, we have a lot to discuss.

McGill Christian Fellowship

Join us tonight for a short time of prayer and singing with fellow Christians. Light refreshments afterwards. All welcome. 7:00, Union room B01.

Debating Union

The McGill Debating Union is looking for judges for its High School Tournament, November 6 and 7. No experience necessary! Sign up today in Union B16.

Women's Union

Today, in conjunction with the McGill Film Society, The Women's Union will be sponsoring *Janis*, a Canadian documentary on Janis Joplin. The films shows her in action through interviews, concerts, and recording sessions. *Janis* is the first of our Thursday evening film series, "The Lives of Girls and Women." Not to be missed!!! 7:00 and 9:30 in FDA.

Friday

McGill Film Society presents

"Three Women" directed by Robert Altman at 7 and 9:30 in Leacock 132. Admission is \$1.75 at the door.

Disarmament Week

Exclusive opportunity to catch art exhibit by Jad. The Show, "Arts to Prevent Nuclear War," has toured Europe and the Americas, and is in Union-107/108 for one day only, 9:00 to 5:00. Multi-media slide show at 3:00.

At 1:00 hear Dorothy Rosenberg of Project Ploughshares and Voice of Women on "Making a Killing: Canada and the Arms Race." Newman Centre, 3484 Peel St.

Women's Union

If you haven't dropped by our Union yet, today is the time to do it. Bring your lunch and don't miss Karen Gould's essay in the latest edition of *Signs*, "Setting Words Free: Feminist Writing in Quebec." Everyone welcome. Union room 423.

McGILL FILM SOCIETY

Fall 81

392-8925

Today Oct. 29 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. L132

JANIS

(1974 Canada) color, 90 min., d/Howard Alk w/Janis Joplin

Fri. Oct. 30 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. L132

THREE WOMEN

(1977 USA) color, 120 min., d/Robert Altman w/Sissy Spacek, Shelly Duvall, Janice Rule. "About three spun-out women. A must." — Lady Catherine Buck, the *Ghetto Gazette*. "You got these three weird women, right?" — Richard Flaurit.

Sat. Oct. 31 8:00 p.m. S1/4

GODZILLA VS MEGALON & CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON 3D

(1976 Japan) - (1954 USA), 79 min., est.

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Thursday, Nov. 5th
Friday, Nov. 6thPIZZA AND SALAD, SOUP,
COFFEE & DESSERT SPECIAL \$2.50
Chicken in the Basket, Home Fries
Shish Kebab with Rice on Pita
B.B.Q. Chicken Legs and Baked Potatoes
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Daily Sports

McGill fourth in Quebec Cup

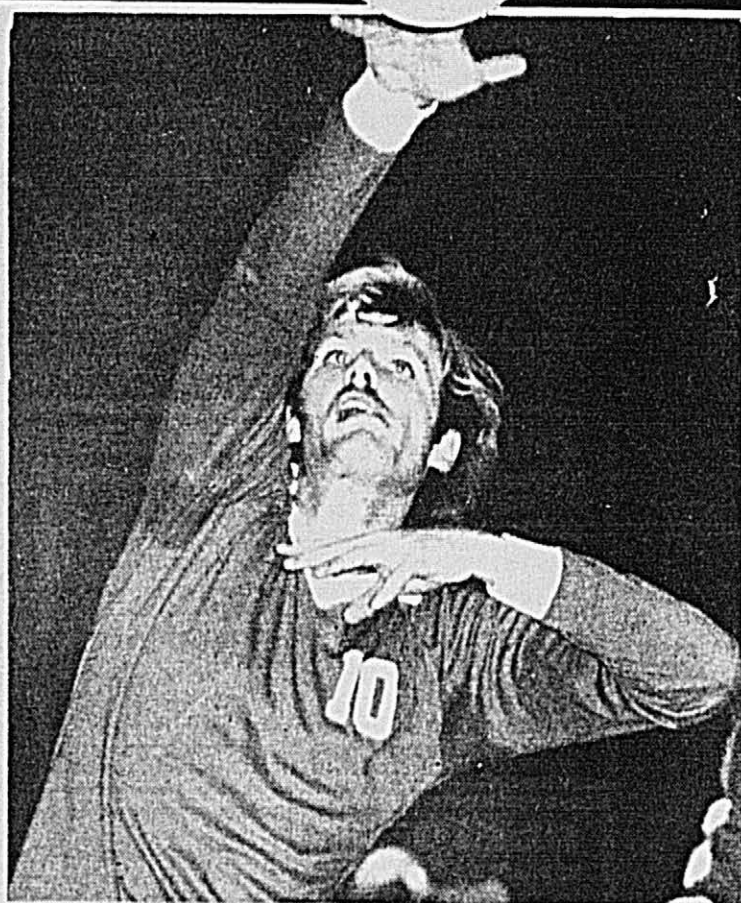
by Nap Chut

The Quebec Cup Volleyball tournament was a very successful event again this year. The University of Sherbrooke dominated the play with eight successive victories giving them the number one spot in the tournament. Laval, last year's QUAA champions, managed only three victories, having to split their match with the up and coming McGill team and losing both games to Sherbrooke. UQAC placed third and McGill fourth.

The Quebec Cup is held as a preview to the QUAA championships that will be held February 20 this year. For some, a quick look at the rankings would indicate McGill has little chance of being a concern at the QUAA's. However any spectator of Saturday's tournament will tell you otherwise. After only four weeks of practice McGill managed a very respectable tournament against teams that have been together for several years at universities where volleyball is the number one sport.

The second game of the first match was the high point of McGill's day and certainly the most exciting game of the tournament. McGill was down fourteen to three and rebounded to a sixteen to fourteen victory over last year's QUAA champs, Laval.

For the rest of the tournament McGill suffered from sporadic play, having difficulty in achieving the quality they maintained through the Laval match. Coach Mike Irvine's summary of the problems in McGill's tournament play was simply stated as conditioning, court experience and attitude. "A team with the right attitude, facing a team with equal skill, already has a six point advantage in this game". The coach's final remark was "if McGills play today is representative on four weeks of practice... look out Sherbrooke on February 20." "Nap Chut". A special thank you goes out to Dr. G. Bean, Glenn Ward, scorekeepers and linespeople, all of whom helped make this tournament a success.



Dailyphoto / Richard Katz

Fave Raves

Redmen at Gaiters — The Redmen are in the mood to go undefeated this year for the first time since 1973. That year, they went on to represent the East in the College Bowl. The Gaiters are limping; they've got plenty of injuries and too few quality replacements. Bishop's only wins this season were against Concordia and hapless Carleton. They were thrashed last weekend 46-14 by the Golden Gaels, so don't expect them to even come close to the Redmen. McGill will be "resting" some injured starters in preparation for their November 7th play-off game. But McGill's intensity will not be diminished because winning this game will boost them even higher in the CIAU national rankings. Things to look for: Redmen blocking, punting, Gaiters unable to run, McGill gaining over 400 yards on offence.

Balfour
Redmen 42-20

Katz
Redmen 36-10

Stingers at Ravens — The Ravens have had their wings clipped in their last five games and make the expansion year Tampa Bay Bucs look like the Dallas Cowboys. In short, the Ravens are terrible. They've got potential but no spirit. The Stingers, on the other hand, aren't bad but they haven't won in their last four starts. The old cry of "wait till next year" has got to apply to Con. U. Look for the Stingers to control the Raven offence and for Colin Anderson, Walter Dalla Riva, Don Pavlicik and super-receiver Gerry Prud'homme to decimate the Raven defensive backfield. But the big question is: can the Stingers score? Ever since their 30-25 loss to the Redmen, the Stingers have been able to move the ball but unable to score. Then again, anyone can score on the Ravens, right?

Balfour
Stingers 35-12

Katz
Stingers 26-9

GeeGees at Golden Gaels — If the GeeGees win this one and either Bishop's or Concordia loses, they can wrap up a play-off spot by clinching third place in the final week of the OQIFC regular season. However, those nasty Gaels are on the warpath. Since being beaten by the Redmen 18-7 in Kingston back in September, the Gaels have won four in a row. It hasn't all been luck. It's been a good running game and QB Bobby Wright that helped them to trounce Bishop's and Carleton by lopsided scores in the last two weeks. There's no way the GeeGees can beat the Gaels in Kingston. Not this late in the season, not the way Queen's has been playing and not even for a play-off spot... but then again last time the two teams met, Queen's squeezed out a 29-28 victory... Anything can happen.

Balfour
Golden Gaels 38-9

Katz
Golden Gaels 41-25

Red Socs win one, tie one

by Takane Aizeki

The Bishop's Gaiters soccer team added another loss to their record of 1-6-0 Friday night. This time, it was the McGill Redmen who made them cry.

The game started off with the Redmen controlling the ball almost ninety-percent of the time. After several shots on goal, Redmen forward Guy-Marie Joseph headed in a fine free-kick off the foot of Euripedes Koronis. The second McGill goal was scored by Billy Mallon, now fully recovered from his eye injury inflicted at Concordia.

The third goal was a heart-breaker for the Gaiters; Guy-Marie Joseph's shot went through the keeper's outstretched arms and legs. The Bishop tender, distressed by his error, covered his face with his hands in psychological agony.

The second half was just as successful for the Redmen. Gedeon Verno headed in the fourth, and Hisham Abdel-Rahman put the fifth and final goal in the net for McGill.

Not all credits for the win goes to the offense, however. Brian Decaire and Douglas Cave put in fine defensive efforts, including Cave's slide tackle which left a fifteen yard long slide mark imprinted on the turf.

The 5-0 game was the Redmen's

fifth win of the season, and the seventh loss for Bishop. McGill is now ranked eighth in Canada.

The Redmen further demonstrated their strength in a 1-1 game against the undefeated Sherbrooke Vert et Or Saturday afternoon. The game was definitely dominated by McGill, with the majority of play taking place in the Sherbrooke end. Hisham Abdel-Rahman scored for the Redmen in the first half.

Abdel-Rahman, along with fellow forward John D'Ambrosio, provided hustle for McGill. Abdel-Rahman, asked to comment on his goal, explained "I finally got my burners going after scoring a goal against Bishops last night."

The defensive crew consisting of Brian Decaire, Douglas Cave, John Kwamya, and keeper Tom Sauder did a great job at stopping Vert et Or attempts to score.

Sherbrooke finally got the ball past McGill's tough defense in the second half when sweeper Decaire slipped on the soggy Astroturf. The Vert et Or's Jean Laroche saw his opportunity, shot, and scored the lone goal for Sherbrooke.

McGill's solid teamwork enabled them to do a good job in making up for the absence of two strong players — Dickens St. Vil and Guy-Marie Joseph. Midfielder Euripedes Koronis seconded the notion saying: "We are playing as a team now — not as individuals."

OQIFC WEEK SEVEN

	W	L	T	PF	PA	Pts
McGill Redmen (5)	6	0	0	162	45	12
Queen's (9)	4	2	0	189	115	8
Concordia	2	3	1	137	129	5
Bishop's	2	3	1	90	134	5
Ottawa	2	4	0	100	128	4
Carleton	1	5	0	63	190	2

This Weekend's Games

McGill Redmen at Bishop's Gaiters
Ottawa GeeGees at Queen's Golden Gaels
Concordia Stingers at Carleton Ravens
All games will be played on Saturday at 2:00 p.m.

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TODAY, OCT. 29/81

Golem Coffee House
presents: David Millett again
at 8:30 at 8:30 p.m. at Hillel,
3460 Stanley St. \$4.00

FRIDAY, OCT. 30/81

12:00 Lenny Fitch: Zionism as a
National Liberation Movement.
Oneg Shabbat at 6:00 p.m. \$3.50
Reserve 845-9171, 3460 Stanley St.

MONDAY, NOV. 2/81

Capt. Mikhail Eidelman — "Life of
a Soviet Jewish Activist" at 5:00
p.m. 3460 Stanley St. Free ad-
mission.

MONDAY, NOV. 2/81

Movie: "Night and Fog" at 6:30
p.m. by Alain Resnais and at 7:30
p.m. guest: Lou Zahlow — "Ex-
perience of a Concentration Camp
Survivor." At 3460 Stanley Street.
Free admission.

TUESDAY, NOV. 3/81

Israeli Folk
Dancing: \$1.50
Beginners 7:00 p.m.
Advanced 8:15 p.m.
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Ballroom

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We know your mother is upset because you forgot to go down to Van Dyck's, so their photographer will be in the Union to take your picture next week — November 2nd, 3rd and 4th only — that's Monday to Wednesday.

It'll only take 5 minutes to walk over from the library — you couldn't have it any easier!

And the sitting fee is still only \$12.95 plus tax and Old McGill will still only cost you \$8.00 — you couldn't have it any cheaper!

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OLD MCGILL '82

P.S. Please try to keep your clothes on